

No. 3.



A
Riddle
BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF
CHILDREN.



CONCORD, N. H.
RUFUS MERRILL.

1843.



A decorative border with a repeating floral or star-like pattern surrounds the text.

THE ALPHABET.

A B C D E F

G H I J K L

M N O P Q R

S T U V W

Y Z X

a b c d e f g

k i j h l m n

o p q r s t u

v w x y z

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A

RIDDLE BOOK.



Come you that love riddles,
And guess them so well ;
Now answer me all these,
For I know you can tell.



CONCORD, N. H
PUBLISHED BY R. MERRILL.
1843.

A naughty boy once sent the following letter to his schoolmaster :

**2 M u r, 2 M u b,
I c u r 2 M for me.**

The schoolmaster made this reply :

**2 y y u r, 2 y y u b,
I c u r 2 y y for me.**

And very properly gave him a whipping into the bargain.

Riddle Book.

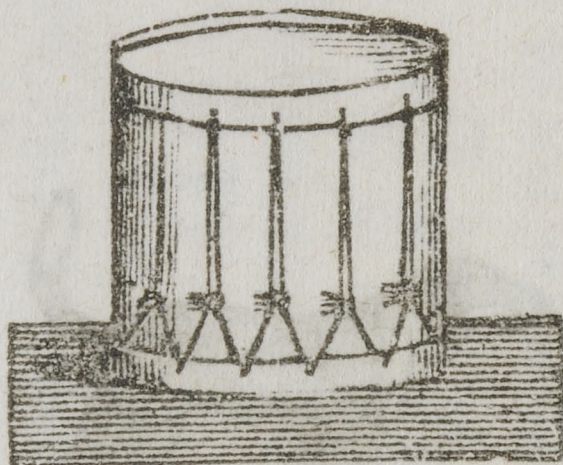


A Dog.



Places of trust I oft obtain,
Protect the house from vermin ;
I act as shepherd on the plain,
At fairs I'm shown for learning.
In northern climes a horse I'm seen
A roasting jack I too have been ;
Strange it is, but no less true,
I eat on four legs, beg on two

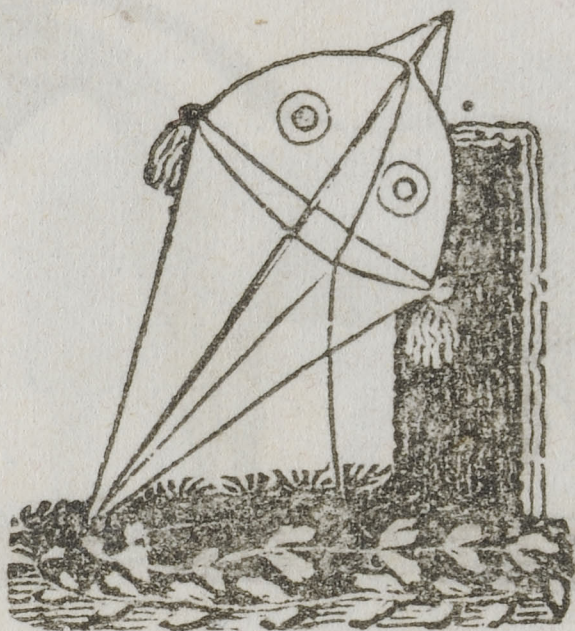
A Drum.



May I, ye ladies, now prevail
Upon you to declare my name?
My head is round, and so's my
tail,—
As for my body, 'tis the same.

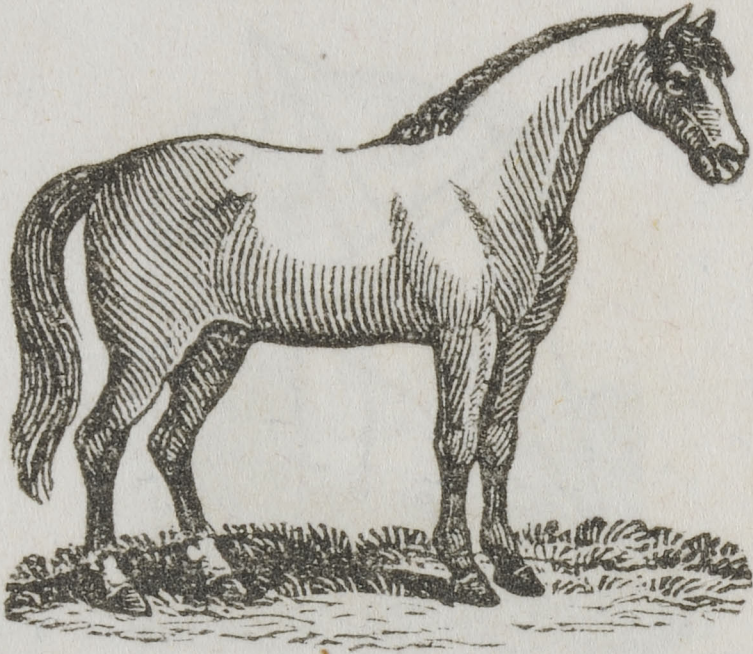
I oft am bound and beaten too,
Yet none there are that pity take;
Those who my heavy drubbings
view,
Are pleased at the noise I make.

A Kite.



No head, nor eyes, nor wings have I
And yet I mount up far on high :
A tail I have, my flight to guide,
Which is my beauty, boast and pride
A prisoner keep me ; for if free,
I'm rarely seen again by thee ;
And if I were, my tattered state
For me your value would abate.

A Horse.



To king and subject I assistance lend,
In war a firm ally, in peace a friend,
Bold and intrepid meet the daring foe,
Willing and able to repel their blow.
To rich and poor I render health and
ease,
The lady, merchant, and the peasant
please ;
Such the great demand for my em-
ployment,
Without me, none can take life's
enjoyment.

A Sheep.



Ladies, attend—a humble slave
Your kind attention dares to crave;
If plurally you read my name,
Or singular, 'tis all the same:
My offspring's pure, without offence
The sacred type of innocence:
Kings, emperors, nay, all mankind
My skin in solemn covenants bind
That leads our Yankee sons to war—
Then who I am, I pray, declare

A Ship.



I fly to many foreign parts,
Assisted by my spreading wings ;
My body holds a hundred hearts—
Nay, I will tell you stranger things.
When I am not in haste, I ride,
And then I mend my pace anon ;
Fire oft issues from my side—
Ye Yankee youths, this riddle con.



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